

INTEGRITY

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This Issue: *More about Mary*

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EDITORIAL



YESTERDAY, today and the same forever—we say of Christ. Yet in each age He lives anew, and is incarnated in the lives of Christians in varying ways. In a sense, the same thing can be said of Mary; she stands unchanging in herself—ever the Mother of God and ever the Mother of men. Yet each age discovers in her truth and beauty particularly suited to itself. And Christians of the modern world turn to her for aid in peculiarly twentieth century problems. The fact that within a century the Church has defined two doctrines concerning Mary (her Immaculate Conception and, more recently, her Assumption into Heaven) gives official recognition to the truth that men cannot overcome the ever-increasing trend toward paganism without the aid of the Mother of God.

This year the Pope chose the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes to appeal to the Romans to give themselves wholeheartedly to the Christian regeneration of their city and of the entire world. In so doing he indirectly answered those apostolic Catholics who feel that devotion to Mary (especially under her title of Our Lady of Fatima) somehow dissipates energy that should be given to the social apostolate. They are inclined to see Marian literature and Papal encyclicals as giving divergent messages—when in reality they are complementary. For in fact no Pope would dare to gain-say Mary, and Mary on her side would be the last one to contradict the Pope when he speaks as the Vicar of her Son!

False devotion to Our Lady (that which is based on sensationalism rather than on truth, and which is the overflow of emotionalism rather than of charity) may perhaps blind people to the demands for a social apostolate—but then they themselves, not Our Lady, are responsible for their blindness. But true devotion to Mary can only serve to increase the zeal, generosity and purity of intention of those who give themselves to the Christian restoration. We are concerned then not so much with applying the Church's teaching on Mary directly to the apostolate as in giving the truth about Mary and indicating various aspects of devotion to her. We think that once devotion to Mary is established on a solid basis it should be simple for us to apply it and practice it in our particular apostolate as well as in our daily lives.

THE EDITOR

Galilean Home

IF we are going to imitate Mary it would be helpful to know what her own daily life was probably like. Father Murphy, Doctor of Sacred Scripture, who lived in the Holy Land for several years, now teaches at Saint Rose's Priory in Dubuque, Iowa.



Richard T. A. Murphy, O.P.:

In this article I should like to give the reader a better picture of the Blessed Virgin and her family in their Galilean home. If Jesus, Mary and Joseph could be induced to step from those pretty holy-cards, what would they be like?

The setting

The Holy Family lived in Galilee, the northern part of the Holy Land (Palestine). The New Yorkers and Bostonians of the day looked upon Galilee as very definitely being "the sticks," an attitude which is reflected in the gospel, in the incident of Nicodemus. When he urged his colleagues to consider the case of Christ with greater calm, he was promptly put in his place with a heated "Art thou also a Galilean? Search the Scriptures and see that out of Galilee a prophet riseth not" (John 7, 52). True enough; Galilee was referred to as the "Galilee of the Gentiles," and as for Nazareth, it was not mentioned even once in all the Old Testament. Everybody, of course, will remember the rather abrupt way Saint Peter was treated, when his rustic Galilean twang betrayed him as a northerner.

But no matter how they sneered at Galilee and the Galileans, Galilee was and still is not only one of the most beautiful sections of Palestine, but also one of the most fertile. Galilee in the spring is utterly charming, for nowhere else over there do flowers grow in such profusion. The hillsides are adorned with gardens and orchards in which almonds, pomegranates, figs, olives, lemons and oranges grow. Scattered amid these fragrant fruit-trees are tall, dark cypresses, and today, the modern hedges of grotesque prickly-pears. There is no time or space to elaborate here on the beauty of the Sea of Galilee, where Our Lord spent so much of His time, but it contributes its share to the beauty of Galilee, as anyone who has ever visited it will agree.

Along the southern border of Galilee, which runs (roughly) from Haifa to a point slightly south of the Sea of Galilee, there extends the Plain of Esdraelon. It boasts of the richest soil in all Palestine, and produces excellent wheat and barley. As a matter of fact, all Galilee was so fertile, and its fruit and fish industries so profitable, that the Horace Greeley's of the time said: "If you want to get rich, young man, go north (with apologies to H.G.), but if it's learning you're after, you have to go south (that is, to Jerusalem)."

The people

The Galileans—and all the Apostles except Judas were Galileans—were as a rule a rough, hard-working people, simple but very independent. Honor meant more to them than riches, and the famous Jewish historian Josephus says of them: "The Galileans are warlike from childhood, and very numerous. Cowardice is a plague which never afflicts their men, nor depopulation their country." We get the picture of a people alert and ready to defend themselves and their rights. Such people are admirable, for the most part, but at times such qualities seem almost a predisposition to excess. At any rate, it was in fair Galilee that a violent faction called the Zealots originated, which may prove that environment isn't everything.

Pausing on the brow of a hill overlooking the Plain of Esdraelon, one can easily pick out Naim and Endor snuggling at the foot of the southern foothills. Mount Tabor looms up close by, and to the north, the snowy brow of Mount Hermon can be seen peering into the Promised Land. It comes as a start to realize that this *same* scene often filled the eyes of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.

Nazareth

But Galilee's fairest ornament is Nazareth, where Our Lord lived for thirty years before beginning His public ministry. It is a few miles north of the plains, and it is built along the side of a hill, a fact which has architectural consequences, as we shall see. The modern visitor to the Holy Land is quickly accustomed to the sight of sun-dried brick walls and houses, but Nazareth today boasts many homes of white limestone, and some of these, nestling amid the cypresses and vineyards on the upper hillside, set one to thinking of a villa of his own some day. But by far the greater number of homes are the usual thing—with drab, earth-colored walls, built along narrow streets which angle sharply upwards (you can imagine how sharply the rain washes down them in winter), and huddled together for meagre comfort.

Living in a cave

The Franciscans are the official "Custodians of the Holy Places," and have rebuilt the old Crusader church over the home of the Holy Family. When this project was under way, a great number of caves, adapted for use as human dwellings, were discovered in the vicinity. As a matter of fact, the church is built over the traditional *grotto* of the Annunciation, which served as home of the Holy Family. In its original state, of course, it may have been extended by the addition of a roof and walls. There is no stigma attached to living in a cave. The poor whom we have always with us have always had to live where they could, and many a displaced Arab of today would settle for a cave in preference to the tents under which he now lives. In Italy too, the poor live where they can, and some of them use the arches of the ancient aqueducts in the building of their humble abodes.

Within the cave-dwelling of the Holy Family there were naturally, none of our modern switches, no electric-stoves or refrigerators, not even any plumbing. Light was furnished by a flickering oil-lamp, and all water had to be brought in from the one spring in the village. Beds? Only a quilt or two which could be rolled up and put out of the way during the day.

Cooking with Mary

In this home, as in all homes of all ages, food had to be prepared and eaten, for hunger is no sin, and Our Lord knew what hunger was. Suppose we were to help the Blessed Virgin prepare a meal? What would she serve, how would she prepare it, and where?

The common fare in the Holy Land has undoubtedly remained much the same down through the centuries. Mary would dip into the earthenware jars, used as a pantry for flour and other things that could be stored away. From them might appear small and black olives, cucumbers and a few other vegetables, sometimes an egg or two, and pungent cheeses made from goats-milk. There would be bread, baked every day like a huge pancake on a hot iron, or in the ashes. There might be fish from Tiberias, and perhaps mutton or veal on rare occasions. Water and wine would help wash down this frugal meal. For dessert, nuts and fruit.

How was the food prepared? In their dwelling there was not much room, surely not enough for a separate kitchen. The fire was probably built out of doors, except for the rainy season (November to March) when it was near the door of the cave. As chimneys were unknown in those days, and the wind sometimes blew in the wrong direction, the cave was undoubtedly filled with smoke, and eyes with tears. Cooking was done over the fire, or in the ashes, or in a crude kind of clay oven. Dishes were limited pretty much to the clay pots things were cooked in. Fingers before forks, they say. After centuries of living, forks are still few and far between there, and food is conveyed to the mouth by picking it up in strips of their thin, pancake-like bread.

The fact that Saint Joseph was a carpenter took care of the matter of firewood rather handily, but if there was one thing that Mary took care of herself, it was the water-supply of the home. That is traditionally the woman's job. Today, as then, one has only to lift up his eyes to see the women of the land striding gracefully along in their long black dresses, front and hem embroidered brightly, hands swinging free and—almost unbelievably (for an occidental)—with a jar of water balanced securely upon their heads.

The Fountain of the Virgin is one of the show-places of Nazareth because of its association with the Blessed Virgin. Here is Nazareth's only source of water, only a short walk from the heart of town. Here Mary came several times a day, only then the water did not flow out of pipes, as it does today, and the ground underfoot must often have been muddy.

Fire, food, water, jars, mud—all these prompt an interesting number of questions. Did Mary ever drop and break her jar, or spill water on herself or others, were her feet and clothing ever muddied, and did she ever burn the supper?

A constant state of miracles?

There is one school of thought that would deny that any of these things were even possible in her case, on the ground that her extraordinary sanctity and high place in God's affections would put her above such things. What seems to slip them, however, is that in such a case she would be a very un-human kind of person. In the infinite detail of daily living, one may avoid each and every accident, but not all of them over a long period of time. We are under no obligation to believe that Mary lived in a constant state of miracle. Nor do we have to believe that when the Holy Family fled to Egypt, the palm trees bent down and offered her their fruit, or the fish in the stream offered themselves to be eaten, or that the waters ceased their flowing so that they could cross over dry-shod. Not at all. If they wanted to eat, they had to do as ordinary folk do under the circumstances; if they wanted to cross the streams, they either had to wade or to look for a bridge. Later on, Christ would send the Apostles to the neighboring town to look for food, instead of miracle-ing a dinner for them out of the air. Why should the home at Nazareth be considered an assembly-line of miracles?

The point I'm trying to make is that such things as breaking dishes can be quite independent of, and in no way effect, a person's sanctity, like a host of other things. Take Saint Thomas Aquinas, for example, admittedly a great saint. But he was afraid every time he saw lightning. And why should he not have been, when his twin sister had been killed by it as he and she lay in their cradle. He never quite got over this.

At any rate, I hope we can proceed on the assumption that Mary occasionally did break a few jars—though not by throwing them; that she got her hands and feet dirty, and that she burned her fingers and, as a result, the dinner. Not through carelessness, of course, but because open fires are hot, and the handles on those old pots were not all that they are today. If she burned her fingers, she would almost automatically pop them into her mouth, because that is what people do when they burn their fingers. A heated pot would not stop being hot for all that it was touched by the Mother of God.

Then we can imagine Our Lord and Saint Joseph expressing concern over the burnt fingers, and perhaps even playfully complaining about the way the cook was spoiling a working-man's supper—just to lighten the atmosphere. And Mary, blushing a bit, would smile, understanding full well the love that lay behind this gentle raillery. It was after all a real family, not a solemn

religious procession or pageant. Jesus had to "experience" the joys of good conversation, of exchange of views. If ever a home should have been outstanding for its light-hearted talk, it was this one.

Visitors

It would be rather silly to suppose that the Holy Family lived in a vacuum, even in an incomplete vacuum. All three had very real bodies, hands, feet, tongues. They went places, spoke to people, were seen by them. And they had visitors.

Hospitality in the Near East can be a rather violent affair. In the story of the two disciples on their way to Emmaus, for example, Saint Luke tells us that they "*pressed* Christ to stay with them." Given the enthusiastic character of orientals, that expression "*they pressed him*" is certainly somewhat euphemistic. On the other hand along with this hospitality there is a rather keen sense of fraternity, a willingness to speak one's mind, to offer advice, and so on.

Some of the people who dropped in on the little home at Nazareth came on business. Joseph was a carpenter, and surely repaired many a plow, many a yoke, hoe and axe-handle. One likes to think that he excelled in making cradles, a specialty of Nazareth. His workshop was probably the ground near the door (or in winter, just inside the door, where he could use the light). There was the sound of hatchet, saw, hammer, chisel, drill, and over all, the good clean smell of wood. Best of all, at his side was Jesus, "learning a trade" (as most rabbis did) while helping his foster-father. And also listening with gravity to the hagglers who, *beyond any shadow of a doubt*, argued with Saint Joseph about the price of his work. Orientals love to bargain; it is not only a way of passing the time, but it sometimes leads to a brilliant victory in a battle of wits, and sometimes means money saved. But if Joseph encountered anyone who tried to cheat him—and there were probably some who did—then that "just man" certainly must have gone after the cheater, hot with just anger. After all, he had mouths to feed besides his own.

Woman's talk

Women would come there too, exchange a few words with Joseph and his helper, and then would disappear into the house, or draw aside with Mary as she did her work out-of-doors. It would be woman's talk, of course, about babies, food, embroidery, the high cost of living, and taxes. It must have been easy to talk to Mary, busied though she kept herself with cooking, or sewing, or weaving. Her quiet brown eyes seemed turned inward, some-

how, as if looking at some treasured memory; but her visitors would not be neglected. It was also oddly impossible for people to speak or even think much evil in her presence. She seemed to create a different kind of atmosphere, one in which such words or thoughts died unspoken.

Among the visitors would be the relatives, those "brothers and sisters of Jesus" and their fathers and mothers. A non-Catholic friend once asked me how it was that "so few Catholics know that Christ had brothers and sisters?" Well, it is an ascertainable fact that the Aramaic language spoken by Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, and their contemporaries, was in reality a rather poor language, because in it the word "brother" was used to express many relationships: uncle and nephew, cousin, real brother. The "brothers and sisters of Jesus" mentioned in the gospel were His kinsmen, His cousins.

"You can't help your relatives"

Now in the Near East, relatives are relatives, often a vociferous lot, and not wholly unacquainted with inquisitiveness. It requires no great exercise of the imagination to picture them giving Joseph advice on how to run his business, making helpful (?) suggestions how to do his work. After Joseph's death, Jesus (Who wore no halo or other distinguishing mark, and Who was to all appearances only a carpenter's son) was undoubtedly singled out for these attentions. There must have been many occasions when both Jesus and Mary were obliged to parry questions that were indiscreet, too personal. But why get mad about such behavior; relatives are relatives all over the world!

Mary had her bad days too. Joseph shared in one such day, when the Christ Child was lost in Jerusalem, but Mary was alone when Christ grew up and began to go about preaching His message concerning the Kingdom of God. No doubt His relatives must have thought Him unfaithful to family tradition, and said so. No doubt either of the close watch they kept on Him, for when He returned from Capernaum, fresh from His first triumphs, they were quick to voice a sharp reproof: "He is outside himself." They thought He might harm Himself by His enthusiasm, that He needed to be watched, counselled, directed. Into whose ears would these criticisms be poured? Into Mary's, of course.

Rejected by His own

But it was not only the relatives. When a man lives in a small town for thirty years his fellow-townsmen know him well, or think they do. One day Christ, now become a preacher of some renown, surprised them into violent anger. He read aloud a pas-

sage of Isaias in the synagogue, and then, putting aside the scroll, calmly declared that "these words were *written of Me.*" The gospel merely records, with admirable restraint, that all in the synagogue were filled with wrath, and rose up and cast Him out of town; and brought Him to the brow of the hill upon which their town was built, *that they might cast Him down headlong.* Nothing is said in this report of violence of Mary's anxiety on the occasion, but we can easily surmise that it was in proportion to her love for her Son.

The daily grind

Thus from Bethlehem to Nazareth to Jerusalem, God did not exempt His loved ones from hard work and the difficulties of life. There was no raven to bring the daily bread, as once was done for Elias; angels abounded in the humble home, but they "kept their place," and the Holy Family worked. Day after day of little things, insignificant things, ordinary living, of prayers said together, acts of thoughtfulness, unselfish acts, loving ones. Uninteresting? Perhaps, but then so too is a mosaic if one only looks at the bits of stone, and fails to see the beautiful picture emerging from the apparently unimportant pieces. At Nazareth, God saw the beauty of the picture; unseeing men saw only the scattered details. What is most important, for them as for us, is that Jesus, Mary, and Joseph just didn't talk a good life, they *lived* it.

Our Dusty Years

Gracious Lady hear our prayers,
Have pity on the vast arrears
Of homage left unsaid,
Of duties left undone
And pour upon our dusty years
Through the blood
Of your dear dying Son
The grace of penitential tears.

ALIDA CHANLER EMMET



OUR LADY OF THE BROOM

The large and lovely lessons
You taught with little breath
In the liturgy of labor
In the house at Nazareth
Are such fantastic simple things
That mortals may presume
To call the Queen of Seraphim
Our Lady of the Broom.

For you who rule the angels
Built up our legacy
By living a life of little things
That we do every day.
You cooked, cleaned, washed and mended
Scrubbed the kitchen floor,
Teaching a world the woman's way
To worship and adore.

How beautifully you taught us
Where all perfection lies
By seeing all salvation in
The work before your eyes,
Immensity in little space
The world in the humble room
You swept and kept and cared for,
Our Lady of the Broom.

drawing by Ed Willock
verses by J. G. Shaw

Learning to Love Our Lady

YOU will remember that the definition of the Assumption was met with a storm of disapproval from Protestants. Many of us Catholics were inclined to chalk it up to bigotry or hatred, and scarcely gave a thought of compassionate understanding to the Protestant position. Dale Francis understands it; for he was a Protestant—in fact before his conversion he was a minister. Now, proprietor of “The Sign of the Cross” shop in Charlotte, N. C., he is active in the lay apostolate.

Dale Francis: For more than an hour these young Baptists had been asking questions about the Church. They’d invited me to one of their Sunday evening social meetings to tell them about the Catholic Church and the things Catholics believe. Their questions were friendly, they were honestly seeking to know something about this Church which for so long had been almost unknown in the South.

A young woman stood up. She was in her mid-twenties, I judged, a wholesome looking woman with a serious expression on her face.

“Will you tell me,” she asked, obviously looking for words that would let her ask the question in the politest way possible, “Do Catholics really worship Mary?”

“If you mean do we pay her reverent honor, we do,” I began. “If you mean do we worship her as we do God then we do not. We pay her great honor and yet we know there is no honor we could pay her that would be one infinitesimal bit as great as the honor that God paid her when looking through all ages, knowing all who had been and all who were to be, He chose her above all others to be the Mother of His only begotten Son.”

I continued to talk, to try to tell this earnest young woman what we believed and how we believed it and as I spoke I was remembering. . . . I was remembering back a few short years before when I was the questioner . . . when I couldn’t understand.

I couldn’t say “the Blessed Virgin.” The words that come easily off Catholic tongues couldn’t come off mine. I don’t know why. I had a deep and abiding respect for her, I’d always had, and yet somehow I could call her only Mary.

Before I was a Catholic I think that the thing that struck me most of all was the kind of familiarity Catholics had not just with Jesus but with His Mother and with all the saints in Heaven.

I've always honored and respected Our Lady—I'm sure most Protestants do—and yet she was somewhere far off. She was the sweet-faced woman who cradled the baby Jesus at Bethlehem. She was the sad Mother at Calvary. But there was an unrealness about her and Catholics talked of her as they would an intimate. They spoke of "The Blessed Virgin" and "Our Lady" and it was as though she were close to them—which of course is exactly what she is.

I couldn't share that familiarity and back in the two years when I was making my decision I used to think that this was going to be the most difficult thing about becoming a Catholic—getting to love Mary as they loved her.

I laugh at myself now and I find that the old words are the unfamiliar ones, but as I laugh at myself I do it knowing that what I felt then was real and what I felt then is what many non-Catholics feel now. So I try to remember how I came to know her and love her.

I read just the other day that a Protestant sect in Latin America publicly defaced a statue of the Blessed Virgin. As I read it I hoped the Catholics would not think that these misguided zealots were typical. There may be some of them and I think that the Blessed Virgin must love them very much. After all, they do what they do in a kind of misguided effort to serve her Son. She must love them very much because they love her Son so much. It was this compassion of Our Lady that I first understood.

I read a poem by Peguy, I've forgotten the name of it or even what it was about, except it told of how many times God softened His justice because she pleaded for a poor soul. And this I understood first about her, her love for us all and her love most of all for the weak among us.

I've never seen a painting of a laughing Blessed Virgin and yet I think she must have laughed. When she cradled in her arms that helpless little baby Who was God, she must have laughed with the joy that comes to a mother's heart when she looks at the miracle in her arms. When He took his first toddling steps, weaving and falling, she must have laughed so often. I think Our Lady, for all the sadness of her life, must have had so many moments of great joy. This was something I thought about early, in the days when I was beginning to know her.

Although it was hard for me I said the rosary before I became a Catholic. The meditations came hard for me many times and I think the hardest was the last of the Glorious Mysteries, the crowning of the Blessed Virgin as Queen of Heaven. I'd seen the paintings, the representations of this great mystery, the grave-faced Son placing the crown on the grave-faced Mother's head. But the mystery came hard for me. And then she laughed.

She laughed and Jesus smiled—at us that the only way we could conceive of Mary being crowned as Queen of Heaven was in the same way that we mortals crown our worldly queens. It may have been bad theology on my part, I still don't know, but I do know it was a hard mystery for me until she laughed and then it came easy and she was in my meditation truly Queen of Heaven.

So little by little I came to know her, to know her in my own way, to feel close to her. I'd heard the *Memorare* and I knew that Catholics asked her to pray for them for many things, but for a long time I asked nothing of her except that which the Hail Mary asks.

Then one day there was something I needed desperately. There was something I wanted very much. But it was something which seemed practically impossible. It meant turning back time and that was impossible. What it was does not matter but it was something that meant very much to me—how much I can only realize now as I look back at it. I asked her to help me, asked her and as I asked her I knew that I believed she could help me.

I went to sleep praying that night, my rosary in my hand. When I awoke in the morning it had happened, what was impossible had happened. A series of incidents, neatly fitting one into the other, and I was back in exactly the same position I had been a couple of weeks before; I'd been given a chance to re-make decisions I'd regretted and this time to make them as I knew I needed to make them.

So now she was My Lady, now I knew her, I knew her for her compassion, for her joy and I was to know her for her sorrow. I'd not been a Catholic a year when my brother died. Joe and I, only a year apart in age, had been not just brothers but close friends. His death came suddenly, after only a short illness, but I was given time to be with him in the last week and in the last minutes of his life. He was such a good young man, he had done so much good already, there had appeared to be so much he could do.

You can't really know sorrow until you've felt it yourself and I think I never began to understand Our Sorrowful Lady until

there was sorrow for me—and I knew my sorrow was so little compared to hers. I'd not really understood the sorrow that was in her face at the Cross until I stood beside the bed of my brother and saw the silent sorrow on his wife's face as she held his hand as he died. The stone *Pieta* did not come to life for me until that day I saw my own mother, who is not a Catholic, stand before the *Pieta* in our hometown church with that deep sorrow in her eyes that can come only to one who has given to eternity someone she loves.

So it was that through the years I came to know Our Lady. What Catholics learn from the time they are little children, those who become Catholics as adults must learn to know little by little.

When Protestants say they do not understand why Catholics show such great honor to Our Lady it is not intolerance on their part, it is not wilful misunderstanding, it is simply that they have not known her.

I understood Our Lady better as I began to understand Catholics. I knew her better that day I knelt in a little chapel on an island in the Pacific before the most hideous statue of the Blessed Virgin I've ever seen. It wasn't just bad art, the face of the figure was actually ugly, the nose large out of all proportion, the eyes bulging, the mouth ill-shapen. This wasn't the beautiful lady I'd seen in statues and paintings so many times. This was an ugly thing and I didn't like it—and a native came in, knelt before the statue and lifted eyes of love to that hideous face—and then I loved that statue. I loved it because this native loved it. It is easy to love Our Lady when you picture her as the beautiful lady of the old masters, as the beautiful lady she must certainly have been. But these people loved her when the only way they could picture her was as some unskillful artist had created her likeness, as an ugly woman. I'm sure Our Lady loves that statue, too.

The people in the islands taught me more about Our Lady. There was that joyous celebration on Guam, the first Feast of the Immaculate Conception after the island was freed. A thousand candles lighted the darkness that evening as the little wooden statue, Maria Chabrin, Our Lady of the Barn, was carried on a platform of crepe paper decorations. A few years before I would have thought it superstition, would have said they were worshipping a statue. Now I knew that this little wooden statue, whose history went back nearly three hundred years, was a symbol of a lady they loved. I saw the sadness, the tears, when a candle accidentally touched the crepe paper and the platform and the statue was enveloped in quick flames. And then I saw the joy, but something

more, as though it was bound to happen that way—an expected joy as their priest, Father Calvo, took the statue unharmed from the ashes.

This was true, and before I became a Catholic I was afraid it would not be true, the better I knew Our Lady the better I knew Our Lord. I had always felt a closeness to Him, as I am sure so many non-Catholics do, but I knew Him even better as I came to know His Mother.

In the nine years since I first began to study the Catholic Church, the nine years during which I became a Catholic and grew in the faith, I came to know her better each day. I'd been helped so much—by my wife Barbara, who knew Our Lady so well and loved her so much; by the friends I made, by the people I saw, by the things that I read, the things I'd experienced. I knew her better by the joys of my life—by the little son and daughter God gave us—and by the sorrows.

* * *

Now a young lady was standing before me, asking me to tell her how it was we felt about Mary, and all these things were inside of me; but you cannot transfer these things to another. So I was telling her the formula things, the things you read in apologetical works when I should have told her simply, "Try loving Our Lady, she already loves you."

When I finished the young woman nodded her head and said, "I see." She sat down and I knew that she did not really see, she could not really see. But I knew that Our Lady had heard her ask the question and knew she was a sincere young woman. I knew Our Lord saw in the young woman's heart a respect for His mother. They wouldn't forget her and maybe someday she'd understand what that night I could not tell her.

FATIMA AND ROME

**Mary's penitential plea,
Addressed (it seems) to you and me,
Will only fill that heart with hope,
Which listens wisely to the Pope.**

**It isn't likely that she'd differ,
With her Son's appointed Vicar.
Consequently, what she asks,
Is vigor in the Church's tasks.**

**The way to answer her beseeching,
Is just to practice Peter's teaching.**

Queen of Apostles

A Young Christian Worker bases her article on Saint Louis de Montfort's teaching on the true devotion to Mary.

Teresa Frazer: The marvelous thing about this title is that it is not just a poetic exaggeration; Mary's royalty is a reality: "Mary is the Queen of Heaven and earth by grace, as Jesus is the King of them by nature and conquest."

What a splendid mission it must have seemed to Columbus, to be sent by Queen Isabel to discover a new route to another hemisphere. Yet the subjects of Mary have the amazing mission of going into the *whole world* that it may be conquered by the love of God. Hence, no one may really be said to be in the apostolate, unless he is "sent" by Mary.

What is the apostolate?

When we speak of the apostolate, we are thinking of that sharing in the task which the first twelve were given, which has been handed down through the bishops, through their priests, through the Church and its Sacraments to every Christian. We are not thinking of the *ends* of the particular apostolates, but of *the end* toward which all of these converge: *the forming of Christ in souls where He is not; the transformation of those souls in Christ where He already dwells by grace.*

Just as the Holy Trinity used her in the first coming of Christ, daily in an invisible way the Holy Ghost uses Mary to "bring His fruitfulness into action" by producing Jesus Christ in His members. Mary then, is the channel through whom the grace of this deep and wide apostolate comes. In the light of this "apostolate," the works of all the others become, in a sense, *means*.

Besides God receiving the worship due Him, souls receive the grace they need, directly through the priesthood, or indirectly, perhaps through the will of a Trappist adoring God in dryness and linking it with Christ's redemptive actions, or through the heart of a mother lifting itself to Him through the long night watches with a sick child.

The Church uses poetry and art, symbol and stone, to lead men to Christ that in them yearly, His mysteries may be re-enacted by their sharing in the Sacraments and Holy Sacrifice.

Penetrating the temporal order

Nursing, teaching, the social apostolates of Christian families, workers, managers, professional people and those seeking to Christianize institutions like government, the press and entertain-

ment—all have the united purpose of penetrating the temporal order, by example and propaganda, with the social and moral teachings of the Church, that society may be in harmony with the natural and divine law, the spirit and doctrine of Christ; that the providential and continual inspirations of the Holy Ghost through His Church, according to time and circumstances may be obeyed. However, unless the motivation of all these worthy apostolates were to make the present temporal order one which helps men imitate Christ (instead, as Pope Pius XI said of “presenting grave obstacles to their caring for the one thing necessary—their eternal salvation”), they would have little validity as “apostolates.”

Nature does not perfect grace; grace perfects nature. But it certainly is not the ordinary thing for grace to perfect what is *un-natural*. For example, a man living almost completely by the senses, sight, and taste, is not a “natural” man, because man has intelligence and will. So when social systems (as the Soviet), or economic systems (as that in most American factories and offices), tend to de-humanize a man, they are also very likely to frustrate grace, since the former system begins to obscure man’s will, and mechanical work to blur his intelligence. Neither man is likely to become a saint (and everyone is called to sanctity) unless some apostolate substitutes an education and “inspired” way of life.

Because of this, we can strive for the perfection of something we know will never be perfect—the temporal order—so it can be of service to men in saving their souls and speak to them of God and His law, rather than of lust, profit and tyranny.

Mary is Queen of the Apostolate

If we see this apostolate as the loving of Christ, the “multiplication” of His presence by grace in His members we see easily how Mary is Queen, because she is the Mother of the Mystical Body. Having given birth to the Head, she also must give birth to the members, or else a soul who would be in the Mystical Body without her intervention would be a “monster of grace.” If “grace is the seed of glory,” then the Mystical Body is the seed of the triumph of the Kingdom of God. Throughout all times, Mary must form Christ in apostles, that their grace may overflow in the world. As they extend the life and influence of the Church in the daily lives of men, they build up the Kingdom of God, Mary’s realm.

No matter who we are, no matter what kind of apostle—lay or religious, cloistered or active, organized or personal (not individualistic), we need Mary to work this miracle of grace in us of becoming other Christs and being used as vessels of love in the world. We need to have devotion to her, as well as participate in

her devotions. This devotion must be real and personal, embracing a daily imitation of her virtues and a lifetime identification of our wills with hers. This is no danger, because her virtues are those of the most perfect model, Christ. She wills only what God wills.

We must especially imitate her as an apostle, because she was that. She brought the life of Christ to John in his mother's womb; she was with the first Apostles when the Holy Ghost cast fire on the earth and set the hearts of them aflame with the love of God and souls. We need her to give us understanding. How much of the instruction of the Apostles in the Scriptures and mysteries of Christ must have been done by Mary. We need her zeal. If Paul, a convert, submitted to shipwreck and imprisonment, for the infant Church, with what ardor must its Mother have labored to see it flourish.

The Queen of Peace must have worked lovingly to promote harmony in a group that contained fisherman, doctor, businessman and mystic. She must do this in our Catholic Action groups where often we find it easier to love a prostitute or an alcoholic than a fellow apostle with "his own" ideas. We need her to sweeten the common life in our convents and rectories. Our Lady must have left room for the different approaches to the same apostolate of the building of the Kingdom of God, by the contemplative John and the aggressive Peter. She must teach us this reverence for each other's apostolate today.

So often we think that our Order, our particular brand of Catholic Action, or our suffering, is the unique way through which Christ will be brought to the world. We need Mary's wisdom, her insight into the providence of God, if we would not be like a ray of the sun, that thinks it is the Sun. Each true vocation is a breathing forth of the Holy Spirit, an emanation of a ray of divine love that will creep into the cold secular society or the dry godless heart. All vocations together must not only shine forth from, but return to their Fire, their Source, Divine Love.

We need Mary

That must be our conviction. Trying to be apostolic without her help, is like tilling, raking and watering a field in which we have nothing planted. An apostolate means fruitfulness, the flowering of the vine of Christ in us and the stretching of His branches over the whole earth. Mary will sow the Seed. "God the Father communicated to Mary His fruitfulness, inasmuch as a mere creature was capable of it, in order that He might give her the power to produce His Son, and all the members of His Mystical Body."

Our Lady of Russia

It is May, but the beast howls, maddened by hunger.
Russia is a great coldness over the world,
A heavy heartbeat, a music gone silent.
No spring comes here.

There is only
The little faded ikon in the corner
Of a desolate cottage, the dusty paper flowers,
The old fringed scarf . . . that is all?

No, it is not all.

O my children of milder seasons
For whom May is only the bud breaking in the soft night,
This land too shall know the time of My Son's Resurrection.
You never shall see such another spring.
Her icy mountains shall run rivers of pure grace;
Her bitter wind shall sow life in the bleak furrows;
On martyrs' graves the fairest of all flowers,
Flowers not seen on earth before shall run riot.

The gaunt woman shall bend over her children
Mothering them, rejoicing to give birth.
The ravening beast shall lie down to sleep forever.
The ikon-painter will take up his vigils of prayer.
Her young men will dance.
They will eat holy bread, the bread of peace.

When this spring comes the bolts of prisons
Shall fly back and the bonds will melt away.
Tortured tongues will give praise.
Winters of loneliness will pass.
Saints will rise and run through these harsh fields
That will grow green and give forth sweet branches.



O my children, not like these sickly springs of yours
Will be the May-month when by your prayer and anguish
I shall again be called God-bearer to my holy people.

ELIZABETH M. SHEEHAN

MOTHER AND HELPMATE OF CHRIST

SOLID Mariology is the antidote to pious fluff. Father Egan, former professor at the ANGELICUM in Rome, is now teaching at Albertus Magnus College.

James M. Egan, O.P.: Ordinarily a mother does not share in the lifework of her son except from afar, standing, as it were, on the sidelines. She brings him into this world, feeds and clothes him, accompanies him to the threshold of life and then hands him over to another woman—his wife. Mary was truly the Mother of Jesus, fulfilling for Him all the functions of a mother. She too brought Him into this world, fed and clothed Him, accompanied Him to the threshold of life, and passed over that threshold with Him to be intimately associated with Him in His life's work—the regeneration of the children of God.

In some mysterious way, it was true of Christ as it was true of every man, "that it is not good for man to be alone"; though it must be realized that the need for associating Mary with her Son is not His, but ours. Yet there is a deep connection meant by God in both the generation and the regeneration of His rational creatures.

The meaning of woman

The earliest pages of Sacred Scriptures present us with a picture of the loneliness of man. God formed Adam outside Paradise. After He had led Adam into the garden of delights, He caused all the animals to pass before him that he might name them. As the last ones passed by, Adam was keenly aware that "there was no one like to himself," he was a man alone in a world of irrational creatures. God had plans to remedy this situation, for "God cast a deep sleep upon Adam; and when he was fast asleep, He took one of his ribs, and filled up flesh for it." Rousing Adam, God presented this new creature to him; at last here was someone like himself, who was to be his helpmate. To remedy man's aloneness God made, not another man, but a woman. Male and female He made them from the beginning that they might transmit life to others like themselves.

And not just human life, but divine life too. As Scheeben says: "God wished to join His fertility to man's"; and so He gave to Adam and Eve the privilege of generating sons of God. The continuance of this privilege depended on their faithfulness to God. If they failed God, they would then be doomed to pass on sin and death. They did fail, and, as we shall see more fully below, God transferred the privilege of regenerating the sons of God to two others who were already dimly foretold in the first promise of a Savior. And once again the two are a man and a woman—a new Adam and a new Eve.

Mother of Christ

At first glance, it might seem that having said of Mary that she is the Mother of Christ and therefore the Mother of God, that we have said all that could be said about her. And, in a sense, that is true, for certainly the divine maternity is Mary's greatest dignity and the source of all her other privileges. Yet it still remains to be seen whether, when we know that Mary is the Mother of God, we know all there is to be known about her.

We know that in the impossible supposition that we could be the cause of our own mother, we would shower her with every perfection. But can we even begin to imagine what a God would do for His Mother! Christ is God and Mary is His Mother. So much we know from divine revelation. Can any more light be found in the pages of Sacred Scripture and the living tradition of the Church? This is the great preoccupation of that branch of theology called Mariology. In the following pages we shall try to give some of the fruits of this quest that will enable us to appreciate more perfectly what God thinks of Our Lady.

Fortunately, a brief summary of Our Lady's privileges was given to us by the great Pontiff of the Immaculate Conception, Pius IX. In the very document in which he solemnly defined the first of Mary's privileges, he pointed to the scriptural foundations of all her privileges. Not only did he cite the texts but also threw upon them the light of traditional interpretation. What are these texts? How are they traditionally interpreted?

All blessed

The first text is a combination of two passages from Saint Luke's gospel, two greetings given to Mary by persons inspired of God. The angel Gabriel, coming to seek Mary's consent to the marriage of the Word of God and human nature, addressed her: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." Elizabeth, her cousin, at the first meeting with her who had conceived the Word in her virginal womb, exclaimed: "Blessed art thou amongst women and

blessed is the fruit of thy womb." In the fullness of grace given her that she might be a worthy Mother of God, Mary is blessed above all women. Especially is she exempt from the evils that God has inflicted on the human race and on woman in a special way because of the defection of the first man and woman.

To get some idea of the blessedness that Mary enjoyed, we must once more return to the first page of Sacred Scripture, to the tragic scene wherein God confronts His sinful children and their tempter and imposes the penalties that their rebellion brings down upon them. We recall what immediately preceded this scene. The tempter had approached Eve with the suggestion that God had forbidden her and Adam to eat the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge lest they should become like God Himself. Eve gave in to the suggestion and then gave Adam also to eat. This, the first sin, carried with it an immediate punishment—the loss of grace and the friendship of God, the loss of all the other great gifts that God had conferred on our first parents. Moreover, this loss affected not only them personally, but also all of their offspring, for were they not the parents of all the living. Original sin, ignorance in the reason, weakness in the will, rebellion of the lower appetites against the control of the higher faculties—all these were immediate consequences of this first sin.

When God came as usual to visit His creatures, they tried to hide in shame. But He summoned them before Him and made them recount what had happened. He then began to impose the penalties on the culprits. We may pass over for the moment God's punishment of the tempter, for it contains the other important text concerning the Blessed Virgin.

Then turning to the woman God said: "I will multiply thy sorrows and thy conceptions; in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children and thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and he shall have dominion over thee." This was to be the special penalty of woman, bringing forth her children in pain and sorrow, and subject to the dominion of man, who is also a sinner.

And then to the man God said: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return to the earth out of which thou wast taken; for dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return."

Two exceptions

These were the penalties of sin from which no one, except by special dispensation of God's providence and intervention of His power, could escape. The Church teaches us that two did escape this fatal heritage of Adam and Eve—Christ, Who is the Son of God made man, and Mary, from whom He took His most pure

human nature. This tremendous privilege was given Mary that she might be a worthy mother to the Son of the Eternal Father. It is this privilege which is expressed in the words: "Hail full of grace, blessed art thou amongst women." Mary was never in any way subjected to sin or to the Devil through sin.

At the moment of conception in the womb of her mother, Mary, like every other child of Adam and Eve, should have contracted the hereditary stain of enmity to God; but God at that same moment prevented her from contracting it. This is mysterious, but certainly in no sense impossible. We believe that when God created Adam, He created him in a state of grace and friendship; this state was to be the heritage of every child of man. In Mary's case, her soul, when it was created by God in the material prepared by her parents, was also clothed with the glory of God's grace, thus excluding the slightest trace of sinfulness.

Mary was not only freed from the stain of original sin, she was also preserved sinless throughout her whole life. No shadow of actual sin, mortal or venial, ever dimmed the beauty of her soul; moreover, she was never to experience the rebellion of lower nature, so strong was the power of God's grace within her. Mary's love for God was completely faithful; she was the new Eve who never hesitated in her dedication of herself to the service of her God. Mary's immaculate conception, her fullness of grace, were the two basic privileges that her Divine Son gave to His Mother.

Ever a virgin

Mary was also exempt from the special penalties imposed on other women. Her marriage to Saint Joseph was a true marriage, but we know it was also a virginal marriage. While Saint Joseph was head of the household, as God had originally established the position of the father in the family, he too had received from God the great grace that he might fulfill his function with graciousness and humility.

Furthermore, it has always been the teaching of the Church that Our Lady was a virgin before the birth of her Son, at the birth, and after the birth. She conceived of the Holy Ghost and not by the power of man. Yet she is truly a mother, for she supplied the material element of the human nature that was assumed by the Word of God when He became flesh. At the moment of birth, her Divine Child passed through her flesh as a ray of light passes through a pane of glass, never violating the virginal integrity of her flesh.

Finally, we have no doubt but that Our Lord was not only the firstborn child of Mary, but the only begotten. Mary had no other

children, for she remained a virgin forever. She alone had the great privilege of being both a virgin and a mother. This is evident from the reply of the angel to Mary when she requested enlightenment on how she, who had dedicated herself a virgin to God, could become a mother. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee; and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee. And therefore also the Holy Which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."

Thou shalt not taste corruption

One further privilege of Our Lady is hidden in the truth that she was blessed amongst women, the latest privilege to be solemnly defined by the authority of the Church—her bodily assumption into Heaven. We saw that one of the chief penalties of original sin was death and corruption, the return to dust from which man came. Could she who was ever free from sin be allowed by her Divine Son to taste the corruption of the grave? The solemn reply of the Church is—No, Mary, body and soul, is in Heaven by the side of her Son.

It is interesting to note that in the definition of the Assumption there is no mention of the death of Mary. The question whether she died or not is left open, although tradition has it that Mary did die, even as Christ died, but that death is no more powerful over her than over Christ. Shortly after death, soul and body were reunited and taken into Heaven.

There is an important point here that must be made clear. There are two elements in death that normally are closely connected; there is the separation of body and soul and there is the corruption of the body left without its vital principle. Both elements are natural consequences of man's nature; his soul is an immortal spirit, his body is corruptible matter. Naturally the soul does not have the power to communicate its immortality to the body. We believe that one of the great gifts God gave to Adam and Eve was precisely a special power of immortality for their own nature. This gift was lost by sin. Hence death and corruption are now consequences of sin.

An anticipated resurrection

By supernatural right, then, Christ and Mary should not have been subjected to death. Yet Christ came to save mankind by suffering and dying; He had then to choose "passible" flesh, a body that was capable of suffering and of dying too. It was fitting that His Mother should have the same kind of nature, especially, as we shall see since she was to be an associate in the work of redemption. This is why we may be quite sure that Mary did die. Yet the sign

that the death of Christ and of Mary was not a punishment of sins given in the fact that God did not let their bodies see corruption. They did not return to dust. In the case of Christ, as well as in that of His Mother, body and soul were reunited and now are present in the Kingdom of Heaven. She who had the inestimable privilege of being redeemed at the first instant of her existence by the foreseen merits of her Son, now enjoys the fullness of that redemption by an anticipated resurrection, and is for us a pledge of everlasting life. The following lines of Chesterton express this truth in a slightly different way:

Up through the empty house of stars,
Being what great heart you are,
Up the inhuman steeps of space,
As on a stairway go in grace,
Carrying the firelight on your face
Beyond the loneliest star.

It is a great consolation to all the children of Eve to know that one of her daughters carries the firelight of human love reflected in her lovely face into the Kingdom of Heaven itself. Mary is still a mother, with a mother's smile.

Mother of God

Sometimes when we consider the circumstances of Christ's coming into the world we tend to emphasize its hiddenness, its loneliness. We are particularly hard on the poor inn-keeper who had no room. We think of Christ as homeless. Yet we should realize that Christ on His coming found the perfect home, the only home He ever wants, in the loving heart of Mary. To borrow the words of another poet, Caryl Houselander:

The circle of a young girl's arms
Made of this world,
This strange and sorrowful world,
A cradle for God.

All during His life on earth, frequently during the long years at Nazareth, as they both went about their tasks, less frequently during the years of mission, sorrowfully on the road to Calvary, and as He looked down from the Cross, Christ found in the face of Mary "a flying home, a wandering home," for Himself.

These are just some of the things that God did for His Mother. All these great privileges were given to her that she might be a worthy Mother of God. But once again we must ask, was that all Mary was? At first, it might seem so. Does she not,

as any other mother, appear on the sidelines, on the fringe of the crowd around Jesus, after the public mission of Christ begins. True, she stands beside the Cross of Christ, but what mother would not? Was she there only as the Sorrowful Mother? Or was she there also as the helpmate of Christ? We must now turn to the question whose answer will be full of extraordinary meaning to each of us. We well know that Mary, simply by being the Mother of Christ, would also be *our* Mother. But is there another aspect in which she is, one might say, more immediately and intimately our Mother, not only by the remote maternity of Christ, but also by a spiritual motherhood that links us directly to her?

Helpmate of Christ

For light on this aspect of Mary's dignity let us return once again to the letter of the Holy Father, Pius IX, on the Immaculate Conception and the second text of Sacred Scripture that he cites. This one comes from the Book of Genesis and concerns the fate of the tempter. For before He imposed penalties on Adam and Eve, God punished the serpent, ending with the words: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; he shall crush thy head and thou shalt lie in wait for his heel." The punishment of the serpent contains the promise of his conquerors—the woman and her seed.

Once again, basing himself on tradition, the Holy Father explains this text as indicating the intimate association of Christ and Mary in their complete triumph over the Devil. Mary, together with her Son, and in complete subordination to Him, is to exercise continued enmity against the Devil. This is the other side of Mary's dignity; she who was all blessed, was never in the slightest degree subject to the Devil; she who is the helpmate of Christ will



crush the head of the serpent together with her Son. From the earliest times in the Church, the relation of Mary to Christ has been that not only of mother to son, but also of the new Eve to the new Adam. Saint Irenaeus (who died about 202) wrote of Mary: "As by a virgin who did not obey, man was struck and fell dead, in the same way by a virgin who obeyed the word of God, life received life in man risen again. It was necessary and fitting to perfect Adam again in Christ . . .; and to perfect Eve in Mary, in order that a virgin might loose and destroy the virginal disobedience by a virginal submission." This thought developed through the ages, reappeared in various writings, and was perfectly expressed by Saint Albert the Great; Mary "inasmuch as she was the co-operator of the redemption by her compassion, became thus the Mother of all by re-creation."

Mother of all the living

Mary was predestined by God to take an active part, in her own way, in the lifework of her Son. His mission, we know, was to be the mediator between God and man, to reconcile God and man, to take upon Himself the penalty for our sins, to merit for us the Kingdom of Heaven, to satisfy for the debt of punishment due to sin, to make intercession for us with the Father. It was to this same task that Mary was called as a helpmate; she did for us in her own way all that Christ did for us. Understand, we are not saying that Mary of herself was anything. What she was able to do for us, she did by the grace of her Son. He gave her the grace to be the principle of our regeneration together with Him. It was a manifestation of His great love for His Mother and His great mercy toward us.

When did Mary become our spiritual Mother and how does she exercise this function? Saint Albert writes: "She bore her firstborn Son without pain in His nativity; afterward she bore the whole human race simultaneously in the passion of her Son, where she became a helpmate to Him like unto Himself, where as the very mother of mercy she helped the Father of Mercies in the highest work of mercy, and together with Him regenerated all men."

Even so, we must not leap to the conclusion that Mary became our spiritual Mother only on Calvary. Her predestination parallels that of her Son. Now we believe that from the first moment of His conception every action of Christ was of infinite value in the eyes of His father and more than sufficient to redeem mankind. Yet Christ's lifework was under the command of His

Father, Who willed that our redemption be wrought through the Cross. So it was by His death that Christ won life for us, even though His whole life was a holocaust to the Father.

Somewhat similarly, Mary became our spiritual Mother the moment she gave her consent to be the Mother of Christ. From prophesy and inner illumination Mary knew that she was to be both the mother and the helpmate of the Incarnate Word. By her consent, she accepted both these functions, to be fulfilled "according to Thy word." The "behold I come" with which Christ entered the world is echoed in the "be it done to me" of Mary. At that moment Mary became the Mother of Christ and the Mother of all men.

Co-Redemptrix

Yet she who brought forth Christ without pain, was not to bring us forth except in pain. Her first function, as our spiritual Mother, was to win for us with Christ the grace of regeneration; and the exercise of this function meant Calvary.

At this point we should pause to contemplate the marvelous ingenuity of God's wisdom. The climax, as it were, of Christ's work, was to suffer and die on the Cross, and through His suffering and death bring men back to life. According to the will of the Father, it was only the suffering and death that could reconcile sinful man to a just and merciful God. If Christ is to have a helpmate it must be someone who can suffer and die with Him. Who but a mother can suffer and almost die while she must stand and watch her son suffer? This is her flesh and bone that is being bruised, this is her blood that is being shed, this is her beloved child who bows his head and dies. If this be true of any mother, it is a thousand times truer of Mary. She is fully willing that this happen, she is willing to sacrifice one Son for all her sons, but this does not alleviate the pain one bit.

By her compassion at the foot of the Cross Mary becomes our Co-Redemptrix, winning for us the grace of regeneration and all the other graces that precede and follow regeneration. She also won for herself the right to distribute these graces to her children. She is the almoner of grace to all men wherever they are, still intent on the womanly duty of distributing the treasures of her Son.

All the tremendous graces and privileges that were showered on Mary by her Son were given to her that she might perfectly fulfill two simple tasks of being the mother and helpmate of Christ. She is still faithful to these tasks, which is why we call upon her to be "our life, our sweetness, and our hope."

Mother of the Mentally Ill

WE think this article is especially valuable because its author, Eithne Tabor, is herself enduring the heavy suffering of mental illness. Her poems, *THE CLIFF'S EDGE: SONGS OF A PSYCHOTIC*, were published last year by Sheed and Ward.

Eithne Tabor: In the world of today, so full of suffering, there is much need of Mary. So many homeless, so many poor, sick, wounded, imprisoned, tormented by a multitude of things—all of them need her, and to all of them she holds out her arms. And in these times of extra stress and anxiety, I for one like to think that she has a special embrace, a special place in her heart, for those whose affliction is of the mind and spirit, whose wounds are deep within, in the very fibre of their being. For who could better understand the plight of those afflicted thus than the one of whom it was said, "And thine own soul a sword shall pierce"? We are told that the spiritual agony of the Mother of Sorrows at Calvary was so great that she has been given the title "Queen of Martyrs" purely on that account. Surely, then, if anyone understands the inner torment of the mentally ill, it is she.

Her perfect balance

The wonder of Mary is that she could go through what she did and yet maintain her perfect balance. But as we know she had aligned herself so perfectly with God's will and become so receptive to His grace that she was willing and even glad to suffer along with her Son, for the redemption of mankind. The crippling powers of neuroses, or of the conflicts and stresses which lead to neuroses, prevent so many from emulating Mary in this attitude. Yet on the other hand, what a model is here—what an opportunity to turn that same dragging, burdensome anxiety and depression into something useful and even glorious! In trying to imitate the Sorrowful Mother, the neurotic perhaps can find at last the key for which his life has been spent in fruitless search.

She who is without sin

The sense of guilt is among the most terrible of mental sufferings; the most suffocating to the spirit, the most difficult for the sufferer to explain. It is a lovely paradox that Mary, the only mortal without stain of sin, should not only understand but aid and comfort those who are stricken in this way. She is so far above

us that it may seem hard at first for people as guilty as we may feel ourselves to be even to approach her. Yet she is above all a mother, the greatest mother, who will not reject the children of her love, though they feel rejected by the world at large. The mentally ill may be the "Children of Scorn," but her hand is held out to them all. From the spoiled and helpless neurotic, whose illness is only overpowering self-pity, to the most violent of disturbed cases, almost bestial in his deterioration; from the criminally insane, the unscrupulous psychopath with a record of years of troublesome behavior, to the adolescent withdrawing from the world he scarcely even knows as yet; men and women in all the phases and shades and types of mental illness—Mary has room for them all in her love.

And hers is a love like that of her Son, which does not waver. No matter how far "out of this world" a person may go, how far from reality, from everything he knew or thought before, from the self he thought he was—she is still there with him, whether he recognizes her presence or not. She meets him along his bitter road as she met Christ along the road to Calvary, and stands beside him in his hour of crisis as she stood by the Cross of Christ. It is she who cradles him when his very being is "dead," as so often the sick mind seems to be; and it is she who believes and hopes for his resurrection, even though skilled physicians may have given up hope long since.

The loneliness of it

It is the tremendous loneliness of being mentally ill that many find most difficult to bear. For the sick person finds it hard, even painful, to communicate. Some, indeed, are actually mute; others develop a special symbolic language of their own, or place special interpretations on ordinary words. And it is practically impossible to communicate adequately with a delusional patient or one with fixed ideas. Therefore the isolation is tremendous in actuality, and it becomes still more so when the patient himself feels that he is unable to express his thoughts and feelings. It is lonely in a big hospital, too, where doctors and employees are often too busy to talk casually with their patients; lonely particularly for the shy ones who find it hard to mix with their ward-mates. And even for the many who are not in hospitals, the whole business of mental illness is a lonely and terrifying thing, being such a complete overturning and upsetting of ordinary life.

To all this, to all the depression and fear, the discouragement and the panic which torture the overstrained mind, Mary has an

answer—herself. "All ye who stand by the way," she says, "attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow." She is telling us here that she knows, she understands, though we think perhaps that no one could ever *possibly* understand, how we feel.

Beyond despair

Suicides are frequent these days, and there are many who lack the drive even to take such action as that, so deep is their despair, so complete their withdrawal from a life which holds nothing but disgust for them. There are many events, many currents in motion in the world at present to depress even the normal and healthy, let alone the too sensitive and too highly-strung.

But we still have Mary, the mother of mankind, the Comforter of the Afflicted, who will not abandon us. And having her we still have that most healing of balms, which is holy hope. In a world of upheaval and chaos, could there be any greater consolation?

Threshold

While yet I know that Thou are here
In the impenetrable dark
Please, look on me.

I do not know, as for so long
I have not known, if love of self
Or Thee now stretches out my arms.

Let it be Thee!

ANONYMOUS



Children – and The Imitation of Mary

WERE you told as a child that Our Lady weeps when a girl whistles? Or that Mary would never chew gum?

Mary Reed Newland, herself the mother of five, writes this article to put an end to such ideas in the training of children. By the way, she did the above illustration.

Mary Reed Newland: There is probably no woman who ever lived more maligned at the hands of her admirers than the Mother of God. Out of the endless reservoir of her virtues, her wisdom, her beauty of body and soul, there has emerged a nightmarish parade of Marys, and more arty rubbish, trashy verse, and pure sugar has been spun in her praise than one has the heart or the head to calculate. That some of it is sincere and, in that light praiseworthy, need not be gone into here since the point of this piece is not to walk the tightrope between art and sincerity; but at least it can be said that even in the case of the praiseworthy frights created in her name, the effect can be, and often is, devastating. And as though it weren't bad enough to have so much trash about masquerading as tribute, the greatest devastation of all is the complete obliteration, for so many, of the real magnificence behind the saccharine curtain. The whole mess has a yeasty quality—left alone, in the warm temperature of a well-disposed imagination, it begins to work like a dough, growing and spreading until finally it fills the vessel and there is no room for more. And when it is the mind of a child that is filled, then the pity is double, because the transcending personality of the Mother of God, who should

be the companion of their growing up, their model of virtue, their source of all grace, is reduced to nothing but confection treading pearly clouds and strangling in blue chiffon. She will serve them as a pretty distraction in their infancy, compel them to an outward display of Christian manners in their early school years, but when the chips are down and passion and temptation are to be faced at last, her substance is that of a creature in a pretty dream, the last woman under the sun to face, much less tackle, the problems that go hand in hand with human weakness.

Children need Mary

Children need Mary, from the very beginning. They need her when they are beginning to wake up to the world around them, to their place in it, to their bodies—so alive with interest and stimulation, pain and pleasure. And children want her. They want her because deep inside of every man is the desire to be loved and understood by someone whose devotion is unchanging and whose judgments are ever just. Human mothers are not paragons of virtue, unless and until, with grace, in that last final gasp they reach sanctity. And for all the tenacity of a small child's devotion to his mother, it is only a matter of time before he is forced to admit that mother is neither infallible nor impeccable. But Mary is.

The problem is not, primarily, to convince the Catholic parent that if we are to lead our children to Christ, we must lead them through Mary—that is pretty commonly understood. But the big struggle seems to lie in giving Mary to children in a form that is sustaining all through the years of their early childhood, up to and beyond adolescence, and into the years of a growing maturity—with the relationship between the child and Mary growing, not diminishing.

Perhaps the weak spot is this predilection for the Mary of the apparitions, to the neglect of the Mary of Nazareth. Not that the antidote for the distortion of Mary is a neglect of Our Lady of Lourdes, or Guadalupe, or La Salette, or Fatima, but the Mary of the apparitions totally divorced from her life on this earth is incomplete too, and not so much in danger of neglect as the former, but in danger of being transformed into something bordering on the superstitious. Or perhaps the trouble is the contrast between the abundant detail of the apparitions, and the scarcity of it in her life in the gospels. Her heroism is there, in the gospels, but it is told with such understatement that it takes digging and thinking and meditating to find it, and we are too lazy to do that when we can pick up holy cards and take someone else's word for what she

was like. But it is the Mary of the gospels we must give our children to imitate, who once lived in the world they live in, and who served God perfectly in it.

Mary's love for God

Mary served God perfectly because first of all she loved Him perfectly, and the first step in the imitation of Mary is to love God. It is no good to recommend Mary as, say, a model of humility if one does not know that it was out of love there grew humility. Without first love, and then the humility, the *Magnificat* is consummate pride.

Without the love, there would have been no heroic courage, and without the courage, no *Fiat*. Hers was an intimate knowledge of Scripture and the Prophets, and it was no mystery to Mary what end lay in store for the Messias. Perhaps the details were lacking, still hidden in the mind of God, but the end of it all had been familiar to her ever since she had learned to read. And yet at the age of fifteen, she had the courage to face the prospect of inevitable anguish and say, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word."

Imitating her purity

Then there is purity, another virtue children must be urged to imitate in Mary. Mary's was a rare and wonderful purity, and based—if we are to read the account of the Annunciation correctly—on a full knowledge of how the body functions. Gabriel told her she was to be the mother of a child—and she did not ponder it silently, but asked immediately: "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" I would be willing to wager that a picture of the fifteen-year-old Mary, dazzling as she was in her array of graces, virtues, talents, attributes, all the rest—but also with an orderly knowledge of sex and its functions, would leave many a pious Catholic in a state of deep shock. It shouldn't—there were no gaps in the glory she wove for God; it was a fabric made of her whole being, both her body and her soul, and in the perfect knowledge and ordering of the body's functions there is a giving of glory to God. More than anyone who ever lived, she gave Him glory—ignorance was not part of it. And yet we have vast numbers of parents who persist in the notion that Mary's chastity consists, in toto, of a kind of superficial modesty.

Imitation of Mary's chastity is premised first of all on knowing what chastity is, and if it is a denial, of what it is a denial. It seems to occur to very few that chastity is, in the first place, not a denial of anything—that it is a positive state, and not a negative. In the *second* place, it is a denial—but in the first, it is a giving. Chastity is not a sour apple. It is the full, ripe, beautiful fruit

lucked and given to God. In the sense that, given to God, it cannot be consumed by one's self—then it is denial, but who denies the giving of gifts to a lover as denial? These things are the privileges that go with being in love, and Mary's chastity was, gain, not a denial of her own full, capable, fertile humanity, but giving of this to God because in her love she would hold back nothing.

So silly stuff

Obedience is another of her virtues that flows from her love of God. This is what parents overlook. This is the thing they so often miss when pressing the Mary-virtues on their young—both their *young* young, and their older young. One is not virtuous for the sake of being virtuous, or else it is not virtue. One is virtuous for the love of God.

This is a revolutionary idea—at least when applied to the theory that the imitation of Our Lady begins and ends in acting like a lady. It is the enemy of all the sentimental nonsense which results in an over-elaborate pious-ness with pictures, holy cards, statues and the like. I shall never forget the account of a school piano recital given to me by a sweet, pious child of twelve.

"Oh dear," she said, "Was I ever in a mess! A card slipped out of my music book. I had to keep playing with one hand, lean over and pick up the card with the other, and then of course because it was a holy card I had to kiss it before I put it back in my book."

I am not saying that the Blessed Mother was not touched by this sincere act of devotion on the part of a loving child. It is not that she would kiss the holy card that is wrong—it is that she is afraid *not* to kiss it, and I may sound extremely sour, but this sort of thing leads many times, either directly or indirectly, to apostasy.

Far more healthy is the remark from an eight-year-old not long ago: "You know—I just don't like the pictures they make of the Blessed Mother." Pictures, in her mind, are pictures—and one is free to like or dislike them without any fear of dishonoring Mary. Pictures, manners, the length of her skirt, the face without make-up, the nails without polish, are not the substance of imitation of Mary. That, as has been said but cannot be said often enough, lies first of all in loving God.

Imitating her love

Teaching a small child to love God is incredibly easy because God does so much of the work Himself. In baptismal splendor, the soul is free of any impediment, is the dwelling of the Holy

Trinity, and is awaiting the pouring in of revelation. With the knowledge that there is a God, that He loves and wants to be loved, and if we ask, He will teach us to love—with this, spiritual activity begins. We can teach our children to acknowledge the Trinity, to make acts of love, and to ask for the grace to love more long before they are in school—and grace will accomplish marvel within them. It is as simple as finding a child alone with you kneeling with him to say, "Let's think of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost in our souls, and tell them we love them, and ask them to help us love them more." This God cannot resist.

Again, love was the reason why Mary's will could so perfectly embrace God's will. One increases in love, one understands better how vast is His love, and His will begins to appear a manifestation of His love.

It was God's will for Mary that she bear Christ—that she bear Him in a stable, and care for Him, that she nurse Him and wash Him and clothe Him, that she care for Him in Bethlehem and Egypt and Nazareth, weaving, cooking, washing, cleaning, teaching; that she be His servant, His mother, His confidante, His comfort. And it is when we hear Christ say, "Whatsoever you do to these, the least of My brethren, you do unto Me," that we understand wherein, after the love of God, our imitation and our children's imitation of Mary must lie. We must see Him in all men and seeing Him, we must serve Him. Mary's way is the way.

With Mary to serve Christ

This is why the imitation of the love: first, to see the Christ in men. This is why the imitation of the virtues: to serve Christ in men. A child's imitation of Mary has nothing to do with superficialities and attitudinizing. It has to do with how one lives and with whom one lives, from every morning to every night of every day of every year. Because the mother and the father, the brother and the sister, the baby, the neighbor, the bus driver, the school teacher—all of them are other Christs.

Gently, patiently, beginning when they are ever so young, a mother and a father explain this mystery of the Christ to be seen in each other. The most perfect, the most lucid exposition of it is again, His "Whatsoever you do to these . . ." He said it again another way, when He threw Saul from his horse and cried: "Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute Me?" So there is Christ in Peter and in Jamie, and in John, and Christ in Monica and Christ in Stephen. And Monica, who is eight, and is called to care for Stephen, to change his diapers and mop his chin, to dry his tears and butter his bread—Monica is taught that she changes, and

tops, and dries, and butters for Jesus, and she does these things obediently, and humbly, and tenderly, and with love—as Mary. Monica, when she has to change a very soiled diaper (her mother is bed sick) will have to turn away to keep from retching, then asks the Blessed Mother (who knows all about diapers) to help her, give her the grace to do it—and *then* she will get it done.

raining children to be brave

For Mary does answer their prayers and give them the courage they need. We had quite an experience recently, anticipating shots for measles. The little boys facing the ordeal had twenty-four hours to repair to the Blessed Virgin and ask for the grace to keep their mouths shut and not to howl anymore at the prospect of visiting the doctor. May that most pure Lady be eternally praised—she took them in hand, listened to their problem, and evidently talked turkey to them. We never had such heroism before! Everytime anyone weakened there was a shout to Mary; we actually had *smiles* all the way to the doctor's and only yells for about *thirty seconds*.

I wish all mothers would try this; for I am sure it was a genuine spiritual experience. John Michael (who is four) is especially terrified of pain; for him particularly relationship with Mary must be made to be what it should be: quite virile, not sticky with mush and goo.

The joy of Mary

Mary is perfect for children. She herself was a girl, raised Christ (a real boy), was far and away the most enchanting child God ever made (with the exception of course of Jesus), was *never* a bore, never a prissy mouth smooth-your-skirts kind of child, and was all they find glamorous in a woman. Beautiful—ohhhh! adventures? bushels! brave? the bravest! She knew a million stories to tell. She told Little Boy Jesus all about God (their favorite topic—really . . .) and on the score of *her* telling Jesus, can't you imagine the conversation when she taught God about God?

Summer is Ahead

Subscribers, please let us know your summer address. You won't want to miss these issues: June: The Making of the Home. July: Housing. August: Creative Activity.

Hail Mary

Charles Brossard, Orat.: Among all that equipment of formulas with which the Church takes care to furnish her Christians to aid them in their prayers, there are two which have served more than the others. They are the "Our Father" and the "Hail Mary."

"Our Father" is a higher prayer, a nobler, a greater one and remains the most beautiful of all prayers. No comparison even should be made. But being an infinitely more exacting prayer Christ's own soul would be needed to say it at all properly.

There, at the first stroke, we find ourselves face to face with God, God with His Heaven, His Glory, His Will, His Name and it is very difficult not to feel abashed. Too often shame floods us, we, who to feel at ease would need purity of heart and singleness of purpose, and that good will of which we can never be certain.

But there are no terms to come to with the "Hail Mary" itself—
—it is the prayer of children who are not quite to be depended upon,

—it is the prayer of the poor who know well they have nothing to give,

—it is the prayer of joy because of its simplicity and facility

—it is also the prayer of grief and suffering because one speaks to the Mother who soothes and comforts.

The "Hail Mary" is to be found on the lips of the child who prays. But it is also the prayer on the lips of the dying.

No wonder it is the prayer that has most served.

Doubtless having served so often, these words of prayer seem worn, in the long run, so that we get to say them mechanically, in a handful of rosaries, without even quite grasping their meaning any more. Therefore, it becomes necessary from time to time to pick up each of these words, one by one, dusting away custom and drudgery, and routine and thus rediscovering, in dazzled wonderment, their unique and unexpected meaning.

Through our meditation we have no other aim or plan than to allow ourselves to be guided by these words, repeated a thousand times, in the hope of finding a treasury of light. . . . We try to catch the tone of those who said them for the very first time.

What must first be observed effectively is that the "Hail Mary" presents itself before us as a very special prayer. It has not sprung in one great flash from the heart of any great saint, nor like the "Our Father" from the Heart of Christ Himself.

The first sentences are borrowed from Luke's gospel but they were not originally intended for prayer, but for conversation, as one talks to someone, and they endow all the beginning of the prayer with a tone of touching familiarity, such as by ourselves we would never have dared to use with the Virgin:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace . . ."

Then we get to repeat the words of Elizabeth, overwhelmed as she was, this elderly relative who first was informed of the prodigious adventure and the enormous glory:

"Blessed art thou amongst women,

"Blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

Just there, in this spot of the prayer, we have included the name of "Jesus"; it is not to be traced to the gospel, but we assign it here to its own place, right in the middle because it is this word that is the nucleus, because it explains everything and renders everything credible.

For it is Jesus Who is the purpose of this glory proclaimed by the Angel in the name of Heaven, and by the old woman in the name of all women.

It is also Jesus Who justifies and explains the sequence, this simple and implicit confidence, hereafter given by men to Mary.

"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners."

The second part of the *Ave*, which these words herald, was composed at a much later epoch; one finds it fixed very much in its present form around the fourteenth century. The author is unknown. The prayer has evolved, following the bent of circumstances so that it might well be said that it has issued from the very heart of the Christian people. It is the "cry for help" of men to one whom they know to be all-powerful and all-good. Everything is expressed there, by means of insistent though simple words, with a tranquil assurance that betrays the Christian's long experience—an experience of prayers always granted, of a trust always founded.

In a dual movement that is like a living rhythm, the "Hail Mary" is thus articulated: a movement of admiration and praise, then one of supplication and confidence. A look up to Heaven, a look back to earth: glory and petition. One finds in it the swaying motion that is the spirit of walking or dancing: impetus and relaxation. It is such as is our heart-beat, as the breath that swells or shrinks our breast. It is like the beat of wings or the pulse of life.

And it may be because this prayer adjusts itself so perfectly to our soul that it has become so easy and familiar and is said nearly without a thought: as one breathes, as one lives, or as one prays, or as one loves.

BOOK REVIEWS

Husband of Mary

THE FATHERHOOD OF SAINT JOSEPH
By Rev. Joseph Mueller, S.J.
Herder, \$3.50

Although veneration of Saint Joseph is as old as the Church itself, his exact position in the

kingdom of God, the nature of the veneration due him, together with all the tradition concerning him, are still in the process of definition and clarification. Father Mueller's synthesis of the Church's teaching concerning the fatherhood of Saint Joseph is a scholarly and satisfying work.

Drawing upon the pronouncements of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, the author discusses in detail the nature of the marriage between Mary and Joseph, showing that "though a true and valid marriage it was not incompatible with the state and vow of virginity." He then proceeds to explain how the "child Jesus was actually the true, though miraculous fruit of the marriage of Mary and Joseph." While Mary became the Mother of God physically through her act of perfect obedience, Father Mueller shows that Joseph became the father of Jesus through his own virginity, his pure union with the Virgin. "This co-operation of Saint Joseph was merely depositive in character, yet in value it was not only equal but immeasurably superior to a mere natural act of fertilization, and it was the only kind of co-operation fitting enough when the mystery of the Incarnation was to be accomplished."

Father Mueller will not admit the terms "foster father," "adoptive father" or even "putative father" (terms suggested and accepted by some theologians) as being exact in describing the nature of Saint Joseph's fatherhood, but rather suggests the term "virginal father" as the most accurate title in that it reveals the very essence of Saint Joseph's parenthood.

Other chapters discuss the prerogatives of Saint Joseph in view of his singular position, his inclusion in the order of the hypostatic union (merited through his close relation to the holy Persons, Jesus and Mary), his eminent dignity and holiness, and his position as patron of the Church.

Father Mueller is careful to distinguish between the veneration due to Saint Joseph and that due to the Blessed Mother, maintaining in accordance with Church teaching the essentially higher dignity of Mary.

Although not a "devotional" work (the original is a series of discourses intended for theologians and, therefore, decidedly technical and syllogistic in form) *The Fatherhood of Saint Joseph* should contribute even among laymen, to a greater knowledge and appreciation of Saint Joseph's unique position as "virginal father" of Jesus.

DOROTHY C. LABARBERA

Our Lady's Adversary: The Devil

SATAN
Edited by Bruno de Jesus-Marie, O.C.D.
Sheed & Ward, \$5.50

The French Carmelite published a special fat volume of articles on the Devil and various of his

activities several years ago. Sheed and Ward has done a very great service

in translating into English and publishing the bulk of this work. One has first of all to express this gratitude.

The next duty is to point out that *Satan* is in the nature of a *summa* about the Devil. There are thirty-two different articles. Some of them are solidly theological. One or two are so scholarly as to be understood only by specialists. Most are of general interest. There is only a very little space given to actual "case histories," and these were badly chosen. The longest one, "The Confessions of Jeanne Fery," may have been fraudulent. Readers would have been better served to have had a good description of a genuine case of possession. The other two cases are "The Confession of Boullan," which is not given, but merely commented on, and an odd account of a 17-year-old girl convicted of witch-craft. Odd because key facts seem missing and the viewpoint is (to my mind) biased. So anyhow, there is virtually nothing sensational in this volume, but there is a vast amount of solid information and learned speculation for serious thinkers. No, there is one thing sensational—the pictorial dust-jacket. It has a picture of Satan which is loathsomeness made graphic. A second conservative dust-jacket also accompanies the book, and a good thing too.

There are five parts to *Satan*. Section I is theological, giving an excellent treatment of the Devil's own nature and the scope of his possible activities with respect to us. Section II, on the place of the Devil outside Christianity, has four pretty scholarly articles on pagan concepts. Section III, on possession & diabolism, is the longest and probably the most interesting. Section IV is on the Devil in art and literature, Section V on deicide. In the first section, the article on the Devil in Saint John of the Cross' writings stands out for its spiritual wisdom. According to Saint John, faith and humility are the two great weapons against Satan. The last section, on deicide, has only two articles, both excellent and both dealing with modern German trends. "Satan in Our Day," written by a Benedictine who died immediately afterwards, shows that Hitler's National Socialism was diabolical because it possessed the two main marks of diabolism—murdering and lying.

But the section on possession interests me most, and probably will interest most other people. The whole is written against a preoccupation with the relationship, if any, between psychology and diabolical activity. The editor, Father Bruno, leans heavily on the side of psychological explanations and so do most of his writers. In fact several of them are skeptical beyond what seems becoming to a Catholic. An English Jesuit, Herbert Thurston, now dead I believe, writes of the Church and witchcraft almost as though he were trying to explain away, or at any rate minimize as much as possible, any concern the Church ever had with such a shameful (in the light of modern science) matter. Father Thurston is always the authority most quoted by those who want to escape from preternatural and supernatural explanations. Another famous authority on the skeptical side is Joseph de Tonquedec, S.J., who has done the article called "Exorcism and Diabolical Manifestation" here and who quotes heavily from Dalbiez, the unimpeachable Catholic reference for psychologists, and another, perhaps a worse skeptic. As a matter of fact de Tonquedec quotes Dalbiez but modifies his views. The burden of this article is that people must not be considered possessed, and be exorcised, unless all possible natural explanations of their conduct have been eliminated. This is Church teaching. The difficulty arises about whether a given

psychiatric explanation suffices or is so much verbiage. The author credits psychiatry with being more of an exact science than seems to be the case.

Charles Moeller has done an excellent introduction to this volume, in which he suggests the reconciliation of the psychology-possession quarrel, based on an article by Msgr. F. M. Catherinet called "Demoniacs in the Gospel." It is perhaps the best article in the book. It will be well to end this review with a quotation from Msgr. Catherinet:

We shall have to infer with the theologians that all true diabolic possession is accompanied, in fact and by a quasi-necessity, by mental and nervous troubles produced or amplified by the demon, and yet having manifestations and symptoms which are practically and medically identical with those produced by neuroses. The psychiatrist, therefore, is free to study these symptoms, to *describe* these mental troubles, and to indicate their immediate causes. There he stands on his own ground. But if, in the name of his science, he pretends to exclude *a priori*, and in all cases, any transcendent cause of the anomalies in question, then he trespasses beyond the bounds of his special competence. Precisely by confining himself to his own methods he automatically foregoes any inquiry of this kind. Never will he find the Devil at the term of his purely medical analysis, any more than the surgeon will find the soul at the point of his scalpel, or any more than the dog, seeing his master in anger, can estimate the moral or immoral character of these strange gesticulations: all that belongs to another order. But the doctor who wants to remain a complete man, above all if he enjoys the light of the faith, will never exclude *a priori*, and in some cases may well suspect, the presence and action of some occult power behind the malady. He will hand over its investigation to the philosopher and the theologian, allowing himself to be guided by their methods and he will have enough modesty to remember that where his medical science, brought to bear on a woman who cannot hold herself up straight, will see nothing but a partial paralysis of eighteen years' standing, the penetrating and infallible glance of Jesus discerned and asserted the presence of the Devil putting forth all his hatred against a daughter of Abraham.

CAROL JACKSON

The Backbone of the Church

THE PEOPLE'S PRIEST

By Bishop John C. Heenan
Sheed & Ward, \$2.75

Bishop Heenan, who wrote this book before his consecration as Ordinary of the diocese of Leeds in England, has long been known as an author and lec-

turer of distinction. The distinction results from a combination of sound practical sense and clarity of expression.

Both qualities are notable in his *The People's Priest*. And, lest others be misled by the title (as was I), let it be mentioned right now that this is not the story of an Abbé Godin. It is not the story of a priest working on the docks or in the mines, and offering Mass on the kitchen table of his apartment. There is a glamor and a romance in such biographies that seem to catch the imagination even more than in the lives of missionaries who casually shake snakes out of their bedding in equatorial Africa.

But the people's priest of whom Bishop Heenan writes (or rather, to whom he writes), is a very minor sort of hero. Indeed, no one would

ever dream of calling him a hero, least of all himself; his crosses are such small ones, even though many. He is the slave of doorbell and telephone and daily routine. He is a little paunchy at the middle and bald on top. When we pass him in our Ford or Chevrolet, we are likely to feel a little resentful of his Buick or Cadillac—even though few of us would be willing to swap places with him for the sake of the better car. He is the backbone of the Church in many lands. As it happens, you know him personally: he is your own parish priest.

It is to this priest that Bishop Heenan addresses himself. The author does not set out to thunder a challenge. He does not ask anything new or startling of his sacerdotal readers. Quietly he reviews the familiar duties—prayer and Mass, the sick and poor, penitents and prospective brides. He seeks only to remind the priest of the principle that should be every Christian's philosophy: "*Agere quod agis!*" "Whatever you are doing, do it well," and do it for the love of Christ. Over and over again Bishop Heenan emphasizes the basic pastoral virtue—kindness, *kindness*.

Ordinarily I should be reluctant to take issue with a bishop. However, *The People's Priest* was written before the author's elevation to the episcopacy, so I shall enter a few small disclaimers. First of all, I cannot agree with him when he deprecates the use of grown men for Mass servers (on the grounds that the small boys will lose interest in being mere torchbearers). I think there is no more inspiring sight than to see adults ministering at the altar—as, in more ancient time, was the universal practice. My own pastoral experience is that such a sight awakens to holy ambition, rather than discourages, the younger lads.

Nor can I wholly agree with the author when he says that the objectives of a priest's reading should be to ascertain facts and to improve his own style. (He makes particular mention of history as a desirable topic for study.) As for style, I am inclined to believe that by the time a man is ordained, after twenty years in school, his style of expression—allowing for minor developments—is pretty well fixed for life. And, much more than for information, I feel that a priest should read for an increased understanding and appreciation of the Mysteries with which he deals, and for a thorough comprehension of all the means by which our ageless Church is trying to renew or retain Her grasp upon a fast-changing world.

Which brings me to a mention of what strikes me as an unfortunate omission in *The People's Priest*: the author's failure to deal with the great contemporary movement known as Catholic Action. He does, apropos of recruiting prospective converts, refer in passing to Pius XII's encyclical *Anni Sacri*. But even when he speaks of the need for a priest to be a leader in his community, Bishop Heenan makes no mention of the growing lay apostolic movement, nor of the established techniques for training lay leaders, for the Christianization of the temporal order. The omission is surprising, in view of the insistence of the last three Popes on the urgency of this very task. It is possible, I know, to become so "lay-apostolate-minded" as to see no good anywhere unless it is tied up with some form of Catholic Action. There is much more to being a true father-of-the-flock, than just being chaplain to a Catholic Action section or a lay apostolate group. Since Bishop Heenan has covered this "much more" so well, it perhaps is capricious to observe that the date on this book could as well be 1922 as 1952.

REV. LEO J. TRESE

Freud Again

THE CASE AGAINST PSYCHOANALYSIS

By Andrew Salter

Holt, \$2.50

This outspoken and often impetuous little book is far less a statement of the case

against psychoanalysis than of its author's disgust with that doctrine. This is unfortunate; a disgusted author is of no interest to his audience. Mr. Salter, never effacing himself behind his argument, fails to make it so strong as to ensure that his indignation is transmitted in substance, to break into flame at no point short of its destination, the mind of the reader. Not only are his feelings badly unsubdued, but the argument itself, in accordance with the law that no chain is stronger than its weakest link, lacks, if not a good number of single teeth, certainly biting power, suffering, as it does, from waxings and wanings in the essentiality of the reasons it presents, insufficient penetration into the subject, and a general absence of analyticalness and good order.

All the obvious points against Freud are here. The circular logic (insufficiently shown). The self-contradictoriness of Freud's particular conception of the unconscious, its mistiness and *deus ex machina* role, allowing of unending, unverifiable, naively rationalistic speculation. Here already, Mr. Salter does not seem to recognize the core of the matter. He is better in showing the practical advantages this conception gave to the Freudians; in pointing out the suggestiveness of the analytic interpretations as applied in treatment, as well as the Freudian sectarianism with its wholly unscientific habits of argument and of admission to the forum of argument and its expansion of pet preoccupations of the man Freud into shibboleths of non-thought leading whole crowds of faithful by their noses; and in demonstrating the ultimate absence of any true theoretical allowance for the possibility of normalcy. Couchrideness, if we may be forgiven for somewhat abridging the contents of his last chapter, is shown by Mr. Salter as the principal symptom gradually developing in addicts. He has written a compendium for party conversation of anti-Freudian points that catch the eye; but his own eye has not caught the much less readily visible lines of possible understanding and compelling disproof which connect these.

The job of unravelling Freud remains to be done: of tracing, through the ever-expanding web of psychoanalytic theory endlessly repeating circular movements of reason, the handful of errors, of weaknesses of thought and blindnesses for the given properties of its subject matter, man, which the psychiatrist from Vienna started out with. To our day, these errors continue insufficiently enucleated by European psychologists; in Anglo-Saxon countries, their detection, let alone formulation, has not even approximated, and Mr. Salter, founder of a treatment method called *Conditioned Reflex Therapy* and author of a book of that title, has done nothing to improve this. Freud, who was neither an experimentalist nor a mystic yet is both according to Mr. Salter, is not transfigured by his randomly dealt-out anointments any more than hit by his truisms, mixed with invectives, his disjunct and undisciplined polemics. "The followers of psychoanalysis know that their ridiculous fantasies melt into air the moment they are subject to the harsh light of science"—not only prejudices the light of science, which is just as far from an obliterating magnesium

are reducing man to a bundle of reflexes as it is from the mellow glow of the couch lamp, but is the very sort of argument said followers will rush to warm their hearts on.

As he emerges from the horizonless whirls of psychoanalysis, the danger is great for any modern Ulysses to mistake any straw cable floating on the water for the true contour round the open sea of life. He is therefore rewarned to be patient just a little longer. The threat to him is still as old, and just as inconspicuous; except for his identity, he may have to have nothing in the new reprocessing installation at hand. How are his reflexes to be properly reconditioned? We are told that he will learn and unlearn *emotional habits*. To which, the *learned* or *unlearned* category, Mr. Salter's own emotional habits belong is left wholly to our guesses.

ULRICH SONNEMANN, Ph. D.

American Catholics in the Twentieth Century

THE AMERICAN APOSTOLATE
Edited by Leo Richard Ward, C.S.C.
Newman, \$4.25

The twentieth century has witnessed a tremendous change in the life and influence of the Church in America. Encouraged by papal encyclicals of the past fifty years and pressed by the demands of a changing world, the siege mentality so long a characteristic of the American Catholic has gradually given way to a more positive and vital approach to the problems arising in modern times. The change in itself is remarkable, but to realize just how remarkable, it is necessary to go back and look at conditions as they were and to see the development of the movements which have brought about this change. Father Ward has attempted to do just that, by asking leaders in each of these groups to tell us what they are, how they came about and where they are leading.

The chapter entitled "Preparing for Social Action: 1880-1920" provides an exceptionally clear picture of the conditions and needs of the nineteenth century from which came the social reforms so well typified in the aims of organizations like Friendship House, the Catholic Worker, the Catholic trade unions, the YCS and the YCW, the rural life movement and the CYO. There are chapters on the development of Catholic social work, on the Catholic press and schools, the expansion of the National Catholic Welfare Conference and the Back of the Yards movement in Chicago. All of these chapters add up to give us a picture of the growing awareness of the average Catholic to his responsibility to restore all things in Christ, and in the growing realization that this will ultimately be achieved through the group. This need for community, especially community worship, is beautifully brought out in the chapter "The Primary Apostolate: the liturgy," by Father Godfrey Diekmann, O.S.B., the editor of the liturgical review *Worship*. Father Diekmann maintains that out of this growing participation in the liturgy there inevitably arises a fuller realization of the meaning of the Mystical Body of Christ. One of the happier and more tangible results of this realization is the progress being made by American Catholics in interracial relations so movingly described by Anne Harrigan in her chapter on the work of Friendship House. Another striking example of the Mystical Body in action is Julian Pleasant's chapter on "Personal Responsibility" as typified in the Catholic Worker Movement.

To the question "Am I my brother's keeper?" this book gives the answer in terms which leave little room for doubt.

This book does not pretend to be any more than what it is—an extensive rather than intensive report of what American Catholics have done so far. There is still much to be done, but it is encouraging, I think, to look back at the long way we have come. It will be particularly valuable to those among us who are still looking for their vocation. The answer in large measure is in these chapters, in what has already been done and what has yet to be done.

JOAN PAUL

To Be Read Aloud

BERNARD AND HIS DOGS

By Claire Huchet Bishop
Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00

In this book Claire Huchet Bishop has written an absorbing account of the life of Saint Bernard. The opening chapter describes the Saint Bernard dog only insofar as to serve as an introduction to the life of the Saint who is still famous after a thousand years. Though intended for older children (I should think) who might appreciate the struggle Bernard fought with himself over whether to follow a monk's vocation or to marry according to his father's wishes, the book contains enough action to hold the interest of my two boys, 3½ and 6. The account of Saint Bernard, leading a group of poor, simple people, mountaineers, pilgrims, beggars, up the mountain pass to the stronghold of the Moorish pirates on Mt. Jovis to rescue some captive pilgrims was particularly exciting. To quote my 6-year-old, "he beat up the Moors," overcame them in their stronghold with one blow actually having been struck and turned it into a refuge for pilgrims, and this refuge (the Hospice of the Great Saint Bernard) still stands. Bernard's influence is still felt in a recent foundation by his followers of a hospice in Tibet to carry out his aim "to praise God and to serve men."

One of the closing chapters tells about the Saint Bernard dogs of today and of their renowned rescue work. To my mind this chapter seemed an afterthought, but no doubt children will find it appealing and altogether fitting.

The illustrations by Maurice Brevannes are excellent. My children studied them carefully and enthusiastically.

MATILDE J. NOLTE

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